*Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiors.*

*War.* Truſt me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenly my Lords, are we all friends?
*Cla.* Feare not that my Lord.
*War.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carleſly encampt,
His ſoldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our ſcouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie,
Then cry king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſently into his Tent.
*Cla.* Why then lets on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.
*War.* This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth ſtand,
Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
*All.* A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

*Alarmes, and Gloſter and Haſtings flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?
*War.* *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.
*Edw.* The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Laſt, thou calledſt me King.
*War.* I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgrac'ſt me in my Embaſſage,
Then I diſgrac'ſt you from being King,

And



And now am come to create you
Alaſſe, how ſhould you gouerne a
That knowes not how to vſe Em
Nor how to vſe your brothers br
Nor how to ſhroud your ſelfe fro
*Edw.* Well *Warwicke*, let fortun
*Edward* in minde will beare himſe
*War.* Then for his minde, be *Ed*
But *Henry* now ſhall weare the E
Go conuay him to our brother A
And when I haue fought with *Pe*
Ile come and tell thee what the L
And ſo for a while farwell good D

*Cla.* What followes now? all h
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letter
To tell the Queene of our happy
And bid her come with ſpeed to
*War.* I that's the firſt thing that
And free King *Henry* from impri
And ſee him ſeated in his Regall
Come lets haſte away, and hauing
Ile poſte to *Yorke*, and ſee how *Ed*

*Enter Gloſter, Haſtings, and*
*Glo.* Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *Wi*
Know that the cauſe I ſent for yo
I looke my brother with a ſlende
Should come a hunting in this Fo
The Biſhop of *Yorke* befriends hi
And lets him vſe his pleaſure in t
Now I haue priuily ſent him wor
How I am come with you to reſc
and ſee where the huntſman and

*Enter Edward and*
*Hunt.* This way my Lord the



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